Clif. That's my office for my fathers death.
Queene. Yet ſtay, and lets heare the Oriſons he makes.
Yorke. She wolfe of France, but worſe then wolues of France;
Whoſe tongue's more poiſon'd then the Adders tooth,
How ill beſeeming is it in thy ſexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is viſard-like vnchanging,
Made impudent by vſe of euill deeds;
I would aſſay, proud Queene to make thee bluſh,
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
T'were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, were thou not ſhameleſſe,
Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Ciſiles*, and *Ieruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verifide;
That beggers mounted, run their horſe to death.
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;
But God he wots, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
Tis gouernment that makes them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them ſeeme diuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;
How couldſt thou draine the life blood of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will.
Wouldſt haue me weepe? why ſo, thou haſt thy wiſh.
For raging windes blow vp a ſtorme of teares,

and

And when the rage alaes, th
Theſe teares are my ſweet
And euery drop begs venge
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the
North. Beſhrew me but
as hardly I can checke mine
Yorke. That face of his, th
Could not haue toucht, wou
But you are more inhumane
Oten times more then Tyg
See ruthleſſe *Queene*, a hapl
This cloth thou dipts in blo
And loe, with teares I waſh
Keepe thou the napkin, and
And if thou tell the ſtory w
Vpon my ſoule the hearers
I, euen my foes will ſhed fa
and ſay, alaſſe, it was a pitte
Here, take the crowne, and
and in thy need, ſuch comf
as now I reape at thy too c
Hard harted *Clifford*, take m
My ſoule to heauen, my blo
North. Had he bin ſlaug
I could not chuſe but weep
How inward anger gripes
Qu. What, weeping rip
Thinke but vpon the wron
And that will quickly dry
Cliff. There's for my oat
Queen. And there's to rig
Yorke. Open thy gates o
My ſoule flies foorth to me
Queene. Off with his hea
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke th

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